

Ladies' LITERARY OR, Museum



Weekly Repository.

" Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

The Legends of Lampidosa.

By a Female Anchorit.

(Concluded.)

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hoffand's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet, preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest cat brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen, was seen advancing with the stranger. 'It is he!' exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace. Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round with a faint smile. They seated their guests amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. 'One year more, Adolphus,' replied the traveller, 'you shall

give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake.' 'He is so beautiful!' said old Hans. 'Ah, father added Claribell, 'he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!' The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, 'My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting of it.' Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured. 'My kinsman shall accompany you,' said the fisherman; 'he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield.' Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness. 'Not to-night!' said Claribell; 'a snowfall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed.' Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brand alone, was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance,

and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted. 'He is bold and faithful,' said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing and departed in silence.

All were sleeping in Hoffland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping. 'So soon from Ardanger,' said Claribell; 'your journey has speeded well.' 'He is safe,' returned the lover, and sat down gloomy on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance. 'Claribell!' he exclaimed after a long pause, 'will you be my wife to-morrow?' 'I am the Lady Johannah's servant while she lives,' answered Claribell—'and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?' 'They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold, and bade me keep it as your dowry.' Claribell cast her eye on the heap of rubels, and on her lover's face—'Brande, you have murdered him!' With these half articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—'Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent.' 'Follow me, then,' said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake reading by a summer moon light. 'Sir,' said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, 'your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own.' Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provisions. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the reindeer's milk, which

their neighbors, tho themselves half famished, bestowed upon him. Brande encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage contract. 'Wait,' she replied with a bitter smile, 'till the traveller returns to sanction it.' Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eyelashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter. 'Have mercy on us both,' said Brande, with a desperate gesture; 'shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?' 'They have trusted me,' she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him, 'and I will not forsake them in life or death—hast thou deserved trust better?'

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant, the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey, and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes, worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself in obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hoffland's possession, implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination, with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Cronenburgh.

Brande heard his decree with mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden on her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head, and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone. 'Norwegians! I have no home, I am an orphan and a stranger among you; Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go.' 'Be it so,' said the judge after a short

pause, 'darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt, if he is allowed to witness its punishment.' The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eyes were suddenly arrested. The Lady Johannah, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it and stood erect exclaiming—'*I accuse him!*' At this awful cry from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her sceptre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed—'*There was but one witness, and I go to him!*' With these words and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judges feet and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians, had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue thro the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labors. But his eyes seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant, peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an *Æolian* lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide. '*It is the funeral of a convicted murderer,*' replied the superintendent of the miners; '*and that white-haired man was his kinsman, and supposed accomplice.*' '*The woman is his widow, then?*' said the viceroy shuddering. '*No, my lord; her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labors; that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us.*' While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The vice-

roy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it—'*Peace be with the dead, and the living. All are forgiven.*'

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans-Holland's ancles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy, in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein! '*It is the traveller,*' exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms. '*My son!*' was all that the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart. '*Claribell!*' he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, '*I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence! but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing his secrecy might fail, the executor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim forever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself. You, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by an union with your virtues.*'

"Interesting" Extract.

Money is as much the nerve of an editor as it is the sinew of war. A printing office must have as regular supplies of rations as an army, or a mutiny would soon be created among the whole tribe of paper makers, type-founders, journeymen printers and printer's devils; and the intellects of a community, would in consequence, suffer starvation for want of literary supplies. To guard against these manifold and mighty evils, advance payments are indispensably necessary.

In Love, or not in Love,

"That is the question?"

The long and short of the matter is, Mr Editor, I wish to know whether I am in love or not. I have for a long time past, been in habits of intimacy with a young lady, who, tho quite agreeable in her manners, and very tolerable, to say the least, in her external endowments, is yet, not the *most* agreeable, nor the *most* handsome female in the world, even in my own eyes. I suppose, by this time, you are ready to say, without hesitation, that I am not in love; inasmuch as I do not consider my mistress the *fairest* and *loveliest* being in creation. And I must confess, when I look at the matter in a sober light, divesting myself as much as possible of all the bias arising from partiality of feeling, I am almost inclined to adopt the same opinion. It is, I believe universally the case, unless indeed I form a single exception to a rule which would otherwise be universal, that the man, who is sincerely in love, looks upon the sweet one of his heart, as a paragon of beauty and the queen of gentle accomplishments. In short, it has always been my opinion, that a man never married a woman who seemed *homely* in his own eyes, tho a perfect fright in those of every body else. Now, tho I think the young lady with whom, I am sometimes, half inclined to fancy myself in love, very far from being ugly or even plain, yet I do not consider her a beauty. Her features are quite irregular, yet I confess, I never saw another face I liked so well. Then there is something in her countenance so amiable when she speaks or smiles, that in spite of the palpable irregularity of her features, my eyes are always chained to them when I see her. Now, Mr. Editor, as it is a common practice for lovers to profess themselves ready to swear that their sweethearts have not their equals, in point of beauty, &c. in the Universe; and as I do not think I could conscientiously take such an oath, I feel considerable apprehensive that I am no genuine lover. I have in the course of my life read many novels, and it is from them I have gathered the idea, that no man can be a lover, unless he thinks his mistress lovelier than Venus, chaste as Diana, wise as Minerva, and in every other commendable respect without an equal either in the Heavens above or the earth beneath. He must also persuade himself that his very existence or at least his happiness depends wholly on

the reception his addresses meet from her. And should they be unsuccessful, he should without the least scruple string himself up on the first tree he comes across, or, as the case may require, blow out his brains, or drown himself in a mill-pond. Now if I am correct in this idea, and I have the unanimous voice of all the novel and romance writers from the earliest periods to the present time, I have no hopes of myself. My mistress has excellent sense, yet I have seen those whose talents were more brilliant, and who would attract much more attention in a crowded assembly—but I only give her her due, when I assure you she has every qualification of an excellent wife. Her disposition is remarkably mild and placid, tho mingled with sufficient spirit to enable her to conduct herself with becoming dignity on all occasions. She is prudent, tho not niggardly: neat and industrious. Yet I cannot persuade myself that there are not others quite as good as she; with whom I could live as happily as with her, and I have no doubt there are others whom I could *love*. And even if I were to ask her hand, and should meet a refusal, tho it would be followed by a few pretty severe pangs, I cannot but think they would be healed in time and I should find room in my heart for a few tender sentiments towards some other one of the sex; nor have I an idea that in such an event I should hang, or drown, or shoot, or poison myself. Even when after a long absence I meet her again, I do not run crazy with joy, but content myself with shaking her cordially by the hand, and feeling my bosom warmed with a moderate degree of pleasure. Now Mr. Editor, am I in love or not? Must love (I mean before marriage) be as violent and irresistible as the lightning? (too often quite as *transient*.) Or may it resemble the mild, moderate, steady warmth of the Sun? Must the lover's bosom be a scene of perpetual earthquakes and thunder-storms? Or may it be the pleasant and undisturbed region of tranquil sunshine?

By the way, I would mention one thing more, before I subscribe myself your humble servant; which is this—The young lady has I believe, towards me the same feelings she has inspired in my bosom regarding herself. She does *not* fawn upon me and act as tho she would fly into my arms every time we meet, as romantic young flirts are too apt to do; but acts with a great deal of propriety and dignity, even in bestowing the little marks of favor and partialty which I receive

from her hands. I believe it is this part of her conduct, more than any other, that has given her so deep an interest in my feelings, and I would recommend it to every female to conduct herself in a similar manner towards her lover; i. e. to every one who *has* a lover. The more discerning and experienced part of that sex, need not be told that young men (as well as young females) are naturally abominable tyrants at heart, and are too apt to set a high value upon the affection and good graces of their mistresses only while they are striving to obtain them. Their ardor too often cools as soon as they receive any unequivocal tokens of a decided partiality in their favor. This however, Mr. Editor, is rather a digression from my chief subject, so, after begging you will not disclose a syllable of what I have written to any living mortal, I subscribe myself &c.

CÆLEBS.

GOOD HUMOR.

The lip that with cheerfulness plays,
The eye that serenely brightens;
More accords with my soul,
Than the swift flashing roll
Of the eye that incessantly lightens:
For tho' gaiety often may crimson the cheek,
It's transient illuminings never can speak
Half the soft stealing transport the eye can impart,
When it tells that *good humor* presides o'er the heart.
The heart that is guileless, the conscience that's clear,
Alone can possess this great treasure;
For no dark murky mind,
That to guilt is inclin'd,
In it's peaceful serene can find pleasure:
Then oh! may it ever be my happy fate,
As I pass thro' this varied and troublesome state;
To correct the ill passions that rankle the heart,
By the means which *good humor* can always impart.

C.W.P.

CHARADE.

Transpose two letters, and my *first*
Is three well met together;
My *second*, phantoms of the brain,
The children of a feather;
My *third*, what every friend will do,
To put my *whole* together.

MARY.

The Ohio.

BY MARMADUKE MEDLEY, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

No. II.—From the garret of Tim Syllabub, Esq.

In those dull times when winter cold and drear,
Adds his bleak terrors to the closing year;
When those pure waters that embay our shore,
Are one bright sheet of glass, and where they bore
The stately ship the boasting merchant's pride!
Now a gay host of graceful skaters glide;
When storms on storms convulse the troubled skies,
Th' aspiring members of the Ohio rise—
To cheat the season of its gloomy toil,
To cheer the dull and make the gay ones smile;
By pleasing truth or interesting fable,
We claim our station at the breakfast table!
The weary nymph, who all night long has been,
In the bewitching ball room's splendid scene,
May o'er her coffee with conviction see,
How poor, how trifling her delights must be;
Whose every thought dwells on each pride and art,
Which taint the morals and corrupt the heart.
The fluttering fop, may his own figure view,
And with repentant smile, confess it true;
While the night toiling and ingenious sage,
Shall still find virtue decorate our page:
Nor do we doubt that we shall oft display,
The chat and scandal of the present day;
Nor that each age shall find what pleases best,
In sober reasoning or a well timed jest.
It may be asked, perhaps, how when tis found
So little virtue and good sense abound,
What five are able to direct the pen
To amuse, instruct, or lash their fellow men?
We answer boldly, that which we pursue,
Many have power, but none have dared to do!
Rising superior to the petty scorn
Of giddy pride, and fashion—folly borne,
We dare declare ourselves their open foe,
Sworn to destroy and lay their fabric low;
And while we hold that rank our cause secures,
Ye sons of vice—our firm contempt is yours!
And ye who wish to meet instruction due,
Oh frown not on the task which we pursue;
The experienced mariner will mark with care,
What form and course each bird and insect bear;
And from their silent and unmeaning sport,
He seeks with certainty his destined port.
Ah! how much more should you our dictates mark,
Nor idly aimed nor laboring in the dark;

The books of life and nature we display,
And while we point we mean to lead the way!
Then cheer our labor with benignant smile,
Tis all we ask to recompense our toil!
With these our sentiments and that our prize,
The aspiring members of the Olio rise.

TIM SYLLABUB, ESQ.

Female Acquirements.

It is said, that the effect of knowledge is to make women pedantick and affected; and that nothing can be more offensive than to see a woman stepping out of the natural modesty of her sex, to make an ostentatious display of her literary attainments. This may be true enough; but the answer is so trite and obvious, that we are almost ashamed to make it. All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms; because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which every body possesses.

Diffuse knowledge generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions while it is rare. Vanity and conceit we shall of course witness in men and women as long as the world endures; but by multiplying the attainments upon which those feelings are founded, you increase the difficulty of indulging them, and render them much more tolerable, by making them the proofs of a much higher merit. When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.

Women have all ignorant men for enemies to their instruction, who, being bound, (as they think,) in point of sex, to know more, are not well pleased in point of fact to know less. But among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm.

A woman at Hanley, in the potteries, named Phebe Atkins, who had a son in the army from whom she had not heard for several years, and supposed him dead, a few days ago received a letter from him, stating that he was alive and well, and should shortly be at home; her joy at the intelligence of her lost son being found, was so excessive, that she broke out into fits of laughter and weeping, and in a few hours expired.

Sunday Reading.

THE THORNTON FAMILY.

"A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Llandaff, in doctrine or in life." *POPE.*

It had been a fine day. The melancholy hues of Autumn were fading into the indistinctness of twilight and the western horizon was lighted up with those purple glories that Virgil loved to describe. The smoke rose so gracefully and tranquilly from my neighbor Thornton's roof, and bespoke such warmth and cheerfulness within, that I could not resist the invitation it seemed thus to hold out to share in the pleasures of his fire-side. A brisk crackling fire at this season of the year has peculiar comforts. It dispels the unwholesomeness of these damp evening fogs. It collects in a cheerful circle the long scattered members of the family and while it recalls to remembrance the pleasures of the past winter, seems to throw its sprightly flickering lustre upon those which are to come.

I was received with a hearty welcome by the little group, which consisted of my neighbor, his wife and two daughters, and a matronly lady who was on a visit to the family.

My friend Thornton is a member of that estimable society to which Pennsylvania is so deeply indebted. Educated in the principles of quakerism his understanding and his heart seem alike enlisted in its cause. He cultivates with no little assiduity, the farm on which he resides, and as his wants are not numerous he has had leisure to improve his mind by extensive reading. Frank even to bluntness in his manner, sincere and warm in his feelings, he is, from the independence of his opinions and the originality and clearness of his ideas—a most instructive and entertaining companion. Yet his quaker strictness of judging and his retired habits have given him a peculiarity which will easily be recognised by those who know much of the quaker character, I shall take another occasion of introducing his family to my readers. The lady whom I shall call Selima was a stranger to me, but there was a courtliness in her manners and a piercing loveliness in her eye that attracted and rivetted my attention.

The ladies joined in the conversation which took that turn of serious good sense that I have observed to prevail among the Friends. I became deeply interested as it proceeded and had at length been for some time absorbed in thought when I perceived that silence reigned in our circle. The fire had burned down and its glimmering uncertain light seemed to harmonise with the seriousness of our feelings, I felt somewhat embarrassed at first, but this feeling was soon lost in those of

surprise and interest, for the silence was interrupted by Selima in the following words.

"I have been musing, my dear friends, upon the exclamation of David, 'The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want.' It had been a season no doubt of deep and severe trial—of many difficulties; his enemies encompassed him about, yet he remembered that the Lord was his shepherd, and in that holy confidence did he renew his strength. He poured forth his soul in supplication—he leaned upon the everlasting arm and it supported him thro all his dangers. There are many seasons in which we must all feel the need of an Almighty shepherd—seasons of affliction, of disappointment, of sickness and pain. They are meant for our probation and improvement, and deeply should we prize them. Whom the Lord loveth—he chasteneth—and confident may we be if we keep fast hold of our faith that we shall never be forsaken.

But if there are seasons of deep tribulation thro which the Christian must pass—there are also seasons of tranquillity and refreshment; when the great Shepherd is pleased to lead us by the still waters and into the green pastures. Oh! how animating, how consoling are these seasons! and if, in the bosom of our friends and our families we are permitted to feel that they also are the sheep of his fold—how greatly are the ties of blood and friendship strengthened! Partakers of the same communion—fellow-heirs of the same immortal hopes—we can take courage from each other's example and go on our way rejoicing.

Come then—my brother—my sister—bow down your necks to that burden which is light—labor not for the perishable glories of this world—but let us seek together the crown of immortality and inheritance which passeth not away."

A deep and solemn silence ensued—which my friend Thornton broke by some common place remark. The ladies retired and I presently took my leave more than ever attached to my worthy neighbors, and lost in contemplation upon the things which belong to eternity. [*Village Record.*]

DESULTORY THINKER.

Bishop Wilkins was one of those wild projectors, who united considerable genius to the most absurd opinions. Among other chimeras he professed to have discovered the art of flying, and attempted to shew the possibility of reaching the moon. The celebrated duchess of New-castle, who wrote so much and has been read so little, one day said to him, 'Doctor, where am I to find a place for baiting at in the way up to that planet?' 'Madam,' said he 'of all the people in the world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you may be every night at one of your own.'



[By our Letter-Box.]

ALL THINGS UNCERTAIN.

Address'd to a young Lady who told the Author in conversation, that he would have to take a wife, as men bought a pig in a poke.

In endless whirl the wheel goes round,
And fickle chance usurps the sway;
No stable pleasure can be found
In life's frail variegated day.

Whate'er the object you pursue;
Tis vanity—tis but a joke;
Of all the world, a very few
But buy it, like a pig in poke.

Does some fair maid attract your mind?
Beware—the nymph may wear a cloak;
And tho she seems as good as kind,
Perhaps you'll get the pig in poke.

And when young Hymen's join'd your hands,
Deception's veil shall then be broke;
The God of Love will loose his bands,
And then you'll curse the pig in poke.

WE.H.

TO A MARRIED LADY,

(Whom the Author esteem'd,) as a specimen how well he could counterfeit the language of love.

By love oppress'd, in solitude I stray,
And to my passion give each coming day;
Hard is my lot! But all complaints are vain,
The fair I love, dares not love me again.
The chain is Cupid's;—Hymen formed the band;
Her heart she gave, before she gave her hand:
Then cease poor youth, you but increase your pain,
Twou'd not be just, you should be lov'd again.
The die is cast! Let me your friendship share,
Of your esteem, a full proportion bear.
Weak reason teach to re-assume the rein,
To conquer passion, and her rights maintain.
Reason, alas! her tott'ring bark, how frail!
She sinks! she's lost in passions dreadful gale!

Is the fierce lion by the lamb controll'd?
 Can cobweb shackles mighty tigers hold?
 Can bars of sand tremendous floods restrain
 When they in torrents seek their native main?
 Or walls of rock the forked bolt oppose,
 Which angry Jove in his displeasure throws?
 Can reason rule o'er all puissant love?
 The God supreme of all the Gods above;
 At whose dread shrine, the hoary thund'rer bends,
 His law reveres, and all his rites attends.
 Then I must yield to rigid fate's decree;
 The paths of pleasure bloom no more for me;
 My sighs are wasted, fruitless is my pain.
 I die with love, yet can't be lov'd again.

WE.H.

SONNET.—TO MELISSA.

When e'er thy angel-form salutes my eye,
 What tender spasms convulse my beating heart!
 My trembling limbs but small support impart;
 My aching bosom heaves the deep drawn sigh!
 A wild confusion overwhelms my brain—
 My fault'ring tongue cleaves to the parching roof,
 My spirits fail!—ah, melancholy proof
 How well thou'rt lov'd!—tho lov'd, alas! in vain!
 Impell'd by sorrow, should my lovely maid
 Bend her slow footsteps to the silent spot,
 Where this distracted head shall soon be laid
 In Death's chill clasp, by all—but her—forgot!
 Oh! let her bid my wand'ring spirit rest,
 And the green sod lie lightly on my breast.

BENEDICT.

EPIGRAMS.

Chloe vows that she never gave Damon a kiss,
 Yet permits him to steal one, nor takes it amiss.
 Thus, in vain to her prudery she flies for relief,
 And forgets the receiver's as bad as the thief.

A fool and knave with different views,
 For Julia's hand apply;
 The knave to mend his fortune sues,
 The fool to please his eye.
 Ask you how Julia will behave;
 Depend on't for a rule.
 If she's a fool she'll wed the knave—
 If she's a knave the fool.

With earnest tone, cries sprightly Jane,
 'What's fashionable's right, I will maintain.'
 'Then would to heav'n,' cries graver Sue,
 'What's right were fashionable too.'

EDITOR'S DIARY.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1818.

Office Removed.

The "Ladies' Literary Museum," is now printed and published at No. 164, South Eleventh Street, (opposite 157, the late "publication" office,) between Locust and Spruce Streets; where all Orders will be attended to immediately by the editor.

A Letter Box,

Is placed in the window of this office, for the deposit of anonymous literary contributions, for this paper; which will always receive due attention.

By the politeness of a female subscriber, we are put in possession of a manuscript port-folio, containing an excellent variety of didactic and pathetic pieces; from which we shall take great pleasure in extracting for the benefit of our readers.

SOMETHING NEW.—An advertisement appeared in the "American Centinel," some days ago, signed by a certain Peter Crib, in which he challenges to fight or squob, with any person in the city or elsewhere, for \$500 or \$1000—the money to be staked prior to the battle. We are inclined to think, that there is a gentleman, commonly styled the mayor of the city, who will fight or squob with Mr. Crib, ere long, should he issue any more such insults on the community.

It is a remarkable fact, that Jerome Bonaparte, son of King Jerome, is a lineal descendent of the king of Great Britain. His mother, Frederica Catharine of Wurtemberg, wife of Jerome, being the grand-daughter of George III. by which the young Jerome is a grand-son; and, stranger things have happened within the last 30 years, than that one of the stock should aspire to the British throne,—as the death of the late princess Charlotte has materially affected the line of succession.

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